YANKEE DOINGS

VOL. IX, No. 11 YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION NOVEMBER, 1928

E. H. ELDREDGE W. J. KEVILLE (LM)

ELDREDGE & KEVILLE

Real Estate, Mortgages and Insurance
Care of Property a Specialty

TEN STATE STREET
DEVONSHIRE BUILDING
BOSTON, MASS.

CHARLES I. BOYNTON (M)
(Div. Q. M. Office)

Life Insurance Expert

30 STATE STREET, Room 701
BOSTON, MASS.

Insurance of Every Kind

Telephone HUBBARD 0457

REAL ESTATE
CO-OPERATIVE BANK

SEVEN WATER STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM J. KEVILLE, (LM) *President* HUBBARD 6278
GEORGE I. ROBINSON, JR., *Treasurer*

Resources, December, 1927, over $2,500,000
6% Dividends always since organization

The only painless method of saving.

Y.D.V.A. SALES DEPARTMENT

200 Huntington Avenue

HISTORIES, JEWELRY, ETC.

YD Paper Weights (Plus 5c. postage)	$1.00
YD Automobile Emblems (Plus 15c postage)	1.50
YD A.E.F. Automobile Emblems (Plus 15c. Postage)	2.75
YD Lapel Buttons (For Members only)	.25
YD Watch Fobs	.25
"New England in France," by Emerson G. Taylor. History of the 26th Division	3.00
101st Engineer History	5.00
102nd Field Artillery History	5.00
Battery A, 101st F. A. History	3.50
YD Club Cigars (Individual foil-wrapped) Box of 50	5.50
YD Club Cigarettes (Turkish-Virginia blend) Carton of 200	2.25
YD Club Cigarettes (Turkish blend). Cedar Box containing 100 cigarettes	2.50

YD BUSINESS DIRECTORY

PATRONIZE YOUR OWN COMRADES

LISTINGS FOR YD MEN ONLY
One line 6 mos. $3.00; One year $5.50
Two lines 6 mos. $5.50; One year $10.00

Advertising, Printing and Typography

WALTER W. ANNABLE (M) (101st F. A.), The Berkeley Press, 72 Lincoln St., Boston. Typographic Service and Printing for Advertisers.

Architect

A. JOHN HALFENSTINE (M) (101st F. A.), 129 Washington St., Brookline. Tel. Reg. 4396.

Camping and Outing Goods

MIKE DRISCOLL (M) (101st Eng.), Washington St., Corner of Devonshire St.

Flour

DONALD P. SANDS (M) (101st F. A.), Sands, Taylor & Wood Co., 28 Fitchburg St., Somerville, Mass. KING ARTHUR FLOUR.

Fresh Eggs

T. P. CHANDLER (M) (101st F. A.), Froidmont Farm, Wrentham. Tel. Walpole 475.

Graham-Paige Automobiles

W. L. HACKETT (M) (101st F. A.), 677 Beacon St., Boston. Ken. 6312.

House Wiring and Electrical Fixtures

E. S. PURDY (M) (101st Eng.), 110 Sawyer Ave., Dorchester. Col. 5945.

Illustrating

P. O. PALMSTROM (M) (101st Engrs), 194 Boylston St., Boston. Kenmore 0163.

Jewelry

JOHN F. MALONE (M) (102d F. A.), 387 Washington St., Boston. Liberty 7040.

Machinery

G. M. KING (M) (Div. Hq.), S. A. Woods Machine Co., Woodworking Machinery, Induction Motors. H. C. Dodge, Inc., Power Cultivators and Lawnmowers, Houselighting Plants.

Painting and Decorating

G. A. HOYLES (M) (Co. L, 101st Inf.), Pond View, off Elm St., Medford, Tel. Mystic 5063-J.

This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM McGINNIS, *President* — PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary*

KENNETH POULTON, *Treasurer*

STAFF

Editor	PHILIP N. SANBORN
Associate Editor	GEORGE W. TWOMBLY
Art Editor	P. O. PALMSTROM
Business Editor	WILLIAM SNYDER

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION $2.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Editor

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 8, 1922.

Two dollars of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

(M) signifies Member, Y.D.V.A.
(LM) signifies Life Member.
(HM) signifies Honorary Member.
(AM) signifies Associate Member.

WELL, WELL, IS THAT SO?

For the greatest possible number of mis-statements in the least possible space we commend the following clipping from a certain magazine devoted to publication of stories of the War:

"The First Division of the A. E. F. was very appropriately named, judging by its record. It was the first to leave the United States, and the first to arrive in France. It was the first to fire a shot, the first to suffer casualties, and the first to capture German prisoners. It stood first in the number of days engaged in battle, and first in the number of kilometers advanced by any one division. It was the first to cross the Rhine and enter Germany, and the first and only division to be cited singly in general orders.

"The First Division was in the front lines a total number of 224 days, of which 72 days and nights were continuous, without any relief. It advanced a total of approximately 30½ miles. It suffered casualties of 23,963 in killed, wounded, gassed and missing.

CHICAGO

Up canyoned Walls of City Street
A myriad of Sounds entreat
The worker far above the strife
To glance down on the jumbled life.

The street-car's bell clangs thru the noise,
While loudly cry the paper-boys,
The horses all go clumping past
And echo to the very last.

A thousand horns from trucks and cars
Whose strident voices reach the stars,
The hum of motors,—brakes that shriek
Above the thud of countless feet.

Staccato knocks of rivet's steel
Co-mingle with the church bell's peal,
And far away the tug-boats blare
Adds music to the crowded air.

The mailplane's droning in the sky,
The wailing infant's plaintive cry,
The Elevated's thundering groan,
The fire siren's piercing moan.

All this symposium of Sound
Which comes to me the whole day 'round—
I would not change for loss or gain—
It is Chicago's growing-pain!

—KENNETH KRIPPENE (M)

THE EDWARDS CERTIFICATE

Five hundred and fifty-three of our members have made application for the Certificate of Service in the 26th Division, signed by General EDWARDS (LM). This is about 30% of the active membership. Are the others uninterested? We feel that the day will come when the signature of the Old Man alone will be worth many times the price of the certificate—$2.00.

An order blank is printed in this number.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

The officers of the Y.D.V.A. wish to urge all members who have not yet remitted their $1.00 for Christmas Greeting Cards to do so as early as possible or to return the box. The response has been most gratifying. It is evident that our members know a good thing when they see one. But quite a few have not been heard from. The success of the venture depends largely on a quick return either of the money or the cards. Cards which are returned in good season are remailed to other prospects with a second chance of sale. Those which are not returned until just before Christmas will be a total loss. So, if you have not yet taken any action, please either remit $1.00 or return the cards. We would rather have the dollar than the cards, but better the cards than nothing.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

"The tumult and the shouting die." For which we humbly and gratefully offer up our heartfelt thanks. This is written before election, but it will be read—if at all—after the ballots have all been counted. In fact, such is the volatile nature of American enthusiasm, fanaticism or what you will, that the very mention of politics a week after election is more than likely to evoke nothing more than a yawn. Ho-hum, well it's all over. Yes, it's all over, and what a pack of double-dyed fools a good many of us have made of ourselves. Let's forget it and try to live it down.

* * * *

At the very height of the avalanche of bitterness, backbiting, slander, falsehood, greed and desecration which characterized the recent disgrace of the American people, it was our wonderful good fortune to spend five days in a remote spot in northern Maine, twenty-five miles from the nearest village. Beyond, to the northeastward, stretched two hundred miles of forest, penetrable only by obscure mountain trails, inhabited only by wild creatures, busy about their work of preparing for the winter. We had no mail, we had no telephone, we had no newspapers, we had no radio. We had peace and a new perspective. Stand alone in some little clearing far up the trail as the noonday sun thaws out your tingling fingers and toes; strain your ears for any telltale sound of game amidst the audible silence; look up to the crests of the everlasting hills; then try to recall the sound and fury which rages in the market places of the world as epithets and mud are hurled, picked up and hurled again.

* * * *

The mountains are not disturbed, nor the moon as it rises between two distant hills and looks down upon itself in the mirrors of the silent lakes. Not a leaf falls a second sooner nor does the north wind sweeping down through the mountain passes, laden with the first swirl of snow, abate its lusty breath. Far away—somewhere—in some other world—men's energies are being spent in wordy strife and combat. Here Nature is at work, quietly, deliberately, wasting no effort, preparing for the days to come. Somewhere men are playing a child's game, only less innocently. It amuses them, stimulates them, enrages them. What does it amount to? Ask the mountains, the rivers and the north wind.

* * * *

Yes, it's all over. Men have disclosed their avarice for positions of power and fame, have laid bare their hidden bigotry and hypocrisy, have shown their fangs in snarls of suspicion and malice, have ravished even the sepulchres where the Nation's most tender memories lay enshrined. Meanwhile the squirrel has laid away his winter supply, the black bear has chosen his winter home, the beaver has industriously completed his snug little house. Which has accomplished more, which game is worth the playing, whose to hang their head in shame?

* * * *

A week ago, we had many post-election observations to unload on those of our suffering readers who have time to waste on such things. And anyhow, the column must be filled with something. Among other things, occurred to us as the noble idea of sticking our head in the lion's mouth and saying what we really think about the bloc system of political campaigning, whether it be a veteran bloc or any other kind of a bloc. Not that anyone cares what we think; not even that we care whether they do or not, but merely because we were so fed up on this let's-get-what-we-can-for-ourselves-and-to-hell-with-the-other-fellow doctrine that it would feel good to blow off steam. But let all that pass. Rancor dies in the big woods, Nature's benediction is upon all things and all men.

THANK YOU

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I presume you are responsible for the column "Between Ourselves" in YANKEE DOINGS, and on that assumption am writing you. The intention to do so has been frequent but something has always interfered. This time nothing shall.

The editorial of the above heading, October issue of DOINGS is the straightest kind of straight thinking. It is the sort of thing for which the overseas veteran is peculiarly equipped by his experience, but from which I feel all too many such are led astray by campaign rant and bally-hoo. Somehow, appeals to the service man from sources other than his own kind seem often, and perhaps justly, to come under the shadow of his suspicion. So it is that such comment as yours, coming from the very heart of the service has, I believe, a vast and necessary influence for good, and arouses my utmost enthusiasm.

Please accept, therefore, this paean of praise from one of our Old Man's fellow townsmen, whose heart is as strongly as ever YD though his body is far from the YD's home.

—NELSON W. MCCORMICK (M)
(103rd F. A.)

Cleveland, Ohio
October 29.

The Location

She—Did I ever show you the place where I hurt my hip?

He—N-no.

She—All right, we'll drive over there.

SONGS OF SILENT GUNS

1918 - 1928

By Grantland Rice

I

There are lights tonight down the Hindenburg line;
There are flares of light through the Argonne woods;
There are shadows passing who give no sign
As they drift and swing where the darkness broods;
No sentries challenge each silent tread,
For there are no foes in the midst of the dead.

There are glints and gleams where the Meuse sweeps by,
There are spikes of flame by the haunted Marne;
There are ghosts who pass as the night winds sigh,
Where shadows blend in the reedy tarn;
There is no countersign to repeat,
For none is needed when dead men meet.

Only the dead—let the bugles blare;
Only the dead—can they understand?
Let the far drums roll through the crowded square,
Here come the living—strike up the band!
But the flickering lights guide silent hosts
Who meet at the bivouac of ghosts.

II

Wars lead only to silent dust,
Dust that was once clean flesh and blood,
Fading now where the rifles rust
That once flamed out through the rain and mud;
Dust that can hear no bugles blowing,
Dust that can find no dreams to dream,
Dust that sleeps where the streams are flowing;
Dust that is past all care or knowing,
Deep in the fields where the poppies gleam.

Once they marched to the crimson pit,
Golden youth, with its golden hopes,
Over the top where the shrapnel bit,
On by the uplands, down the slopes;
And now the best of the lot are sleeping,
Dust where the battle flags are furled,
That sees no sun when the dawn comes creeping,
That hears no rain when the night is weeping
And winds are sighing across the world.

III

You ask if I remember home.
The hills of home beyond the sea,
The open plains, the ancient loam,
The dunes that wait by wind and foam,
But who remembers me?
My shadow haunts remembered ways,
As mates I knew go laughing by;
Have they forgotten other days,
The sudden flash, the rifle's blaze,
When I was left to die?

My narrow grave was none too deep,
Where poppies whisper through the glen,
And when the purple shadows creep
We rise up from our broken sleep
To find old ways again;
The dead alone remember still
Old mates they knew through sun and rain;
They have forgotten, as men will,
The dead whose dust has made a hill
Above a level plain.

IV

Last night I thought I heard a bugle calling,
Eerie and far away, as if a dream
Had come again, with ghostly footsteps falling,
From marching men, where phantom rifles gleam,
Line upon line through trenches deep in water,
Waiting until the zero spat was due,
Line upon line to face dawn's coming slaughter,
Only ten years ago?—It isn't true.

Last night I heard the guns again, the thunder
Muffled and faint, and then the roaring din,
And there were calls and groans from mates down under
The shattered earth that rose and closed them in,
The shrieking shell, the H. E.'s screaming
Their song of hate in some midnight attack;
And then I wondered if I still was dreaming
Or mocking time had rolled the red years back.

V

When we are dead we, too, shall hear their story,
Of the long guard they held from year to year,
Of the reward they drew for death and glory,
Paid for in silence, and perhaps a tear;
What they have missed in greed and hate and sorrow,
Who've seen no dawn nor watched the twilight creep,
Looking through mists upon a lost tomorrow,
Guarded forever by a dreamless sleep.

When we are dead perhaps we'll meet together
And share their campfire which no eye can see,
By some old trench, unmindful of the weather,
Ghost unto ghost, where souls at last are free;
Free as the winds that sweep across the borders
Of days forgotten in the flaming fire,
No reveille, no slogging hikes, no orders
That lead through rain and mud and shattered wire.

(Copyright, 1927, New York Tribune, Inc.)

A LIVE LEGION POST

Being in Portland, Maine, on Wednesday, October 24, your editor was fortunate in being able to attend the annual installation of officers of the Ralph D. Caldwell Post, A. L. of that city. A great many YD men are members of the Post and many acquaintances were renewed.

YANKEE DOINGS is not a Legion publication. Perhaps Legion affairs have no place in its pages. But the impression which one received in attending the meeting of this Post was so favorable in every way that we cannot, as a publication interested to some extent in all veteran organizations, afford to pass it up without a few words of commendation.

For smooth, business-like procedure, for members who know what they have to say and when they have completed saying it, for a spirit of co-operation and a keen perception of the larger purposes of the Legion as a whole, we have yet to see the Ralph D. Caldwell Post equalled, or even approached, among the Posts we have visited, either in Massachusetts or elsewhere.

This Post is, among other things, the largest, although almost the youngest in the State. It has already acquired property for a new home, its members are alive to the civic welfare of their community and display intelligence, interest and enthusiasm in every project tending to build up their post or add to the prestige of the Legion. Never have we come away from a meeting with a more distinct feeling of the worthwhile purposes of the American Legion, and the ability of its members to carry these purposes forward.

Dr. C. EUGENE FOGG (AM) was installed as Commander and several of the other offices were filled by YD men. Department Commander Choate of Waterville acted as installing officer, giving a splendid address. National Committeeman Anthoine spoke of the objectives of National Headquarters this year, the universal draft bill, increased membership and other things.

Throughout the meeting one could not but be impressed by the evident fact that the Post knew where it was going and was on its way. A firm grasp of National and State affairs was combined with the interest in its own private business. More than twenty-five visiting legionnaires were present from all parts of Maine and adjoining states. Each was introduced to the Post.

These observations would not be complete without mention of the co-operation between the Post and its Auxiliary. The ladies met in an adjoining room—there must have been seventy-five or more of them—later joining with the Post in the installation ceremonies. Then, after adjournment, they served a delicious little supper.

If anyone wants to see what a Legion post can be, at its best, our advice is to visit the Ralph D. Caldwell Post of Portland.

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

Members of the Ira D. McLachlan Post, American Legion, of Detroit, recently passed a resolution stating that all ex-service men, as well as those now serving the country, had been "grossly insulted" by a remark of Mrs. John F. Sippel before the Michigan Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Sippel is reported to have said: "In the fine arts department . . . heroes of industry will be lauded instead of soldiers, pirates and bandits."

Mrs. Sippel, in reply to the Legion's resolution stated:

"It was not my intention to belittle the fine men of the army and navy as was reported in a talk given by me Tuesday evening. I have relatives in both the army and navy and my ancestors served in the Revolutionary War, the Indian wars, the Civil War, the War of 1812, and the Spanish-American conflict and the recent World War.

"I honor the men who served. It was not my intention to offend anyone."

To us, it is evident from the context of the lady's remarks that the attributed insult was merely an unfortunate slip of the tongue. We feel, in the light of her apology, that the impulse which unconsciously prompted her to group "soldiers, pirates and bandits" together was their similarity of colorful, emotional appeal, rather than a similarity of purpose or usefulness.

The incident is but one of many wherein the veteran, to our way of thinking, does himself more harm than good by a hair-trigger sensitiveness. We have no doubt that many—probably a majority—of our readers will disagree with us. At any rate, it is an interesting topic for discussion. What is your opinion?

YOUNGEST DOUGHBOY

Distinction of being the youngest soldier to enlist in the American army during the World War belongs to Chester Merriman, of Romney, West Virginia, according to War Department records. Early in 1918, Merriman, who was then a rather large-sized youngster of fourteen, went to Cumberland, Md., and succeeded in convincing a recruiting officer there that he had passed the requisite eighteen summers.

After a short stay at Camp Greenlead, Ga., and Camp Mills, N. Y., Merriman sailed for France on June 7, 1918, where he was attached to Base Hospital 202. He was discharged from service May 9, 1919. He holds letters from the late President Wilson and the Adjutant General of the army congratulating him on his distinction.

OUR APOLOGIES

This number of DOINGS is a few days late, for which regrettable fact we humbly apologize. The fact is the Editor was playing hookey, and stands ready to take all the blame.

SOISSONS TO AMIENS

By George W. Twombly (M)

St. Quentin, Noyon, Tergnier, Nesle, Amiens—all were names familiar to us as being on the Western front. St. Quentin, for some reason, had always appealed to me and I decided to visit that city, especially after some friends moved there from Central France. Noyon, Ham and Chaulnes we knew of because of the German retreat in the fall of 1918. Amiens with its wonderful cathedral was on my itinerary long before my European vacation was planned!

After my trip through the Chemin des Dames sector I left Soissons on the 12:27 p.m. train for St. Quentin via Compiegne. I was anxious to go again through the beautiful forest around and between Rethondes and Compiegne and I was not disappointed for it is a pleasant and restful ride. It takes an hour and ten minutes to make the forty kilometer run, one quarter of which is through the more or less dense forest. The wood comes as close as is possible to the railroad tracks and, of course, it is kept as cleared of underbrush as French forests usually are. I am sure that more or less pleasant memories will be brought back by these names, Ambleny-Fontenoy, Vic-sur-Aisne, Attichy, etc., for most of us were in those towns (or at the freight yards) at one time or another. It was with regret that I was unable to see the famous car in which the terms of the Armistice were signed for we made only a short stop at Rethondes.

As we were passing over the long bridge just before getting into Compiegne I could not but think how different was this ride from the one of March 23, 1918—the day we dodged shells passing through Soissons when we entrained at Ambleny for the "rest area and furloughs." In my diary of this date I note that . . . "we unloaded our trucks at noon but could not load on to freight cars until the damn Engineers got out of the way; consequently, we had to wait until five o'clock!" 'Scuse me, Engineers, but I didn't know you so well then.

It would have been interesting had I been able to visit the renowned Chateau de Compiegne and its beautiful park but I had only ten minutes to wait before taking the Paris-Brussels express for St. Quentin. Practically everything in this part of France had been ruined, so all that one could see was newly finished or in process of construction. There are many smaller hamlets that have not been rehabilitated. At Noyon a very fine memorial highway bridge has been built. Tergnier is an important railroad center and the freight yard boasts of numerous tracks. Because of so great an amount of reconstruction there was plenty to keep one's mind occupied.

The train was on time so we reached St. Quentin at 16:08, otherwise 4:08. Some of my friends were at the station so I was made to feel at home right away. We walked to their house in the Rue du Sentier where wine and cakes were at once served. In this part of the city all the houses are new for this section had been entirely destroyed. West of the railroad more old buildings were left, although perhaps the East side never had been built up as much. The ancient town hall had withstood the siege and occupation of the enemy: it was a gorgeous sight with its entire front so marvelously carved.

However, like many of the buildings in Brussels, the natives had been forced to pay a goodly sum for their being kept intact. The postoffice and one or two of the other public buildings were only partially damaged. We visited the not so beautiful but ancient cathedral. My attention was drawn to the many holes—deep rectangular places chiselled into the pillars and walls. It seems that in October, 1918, when the Germans were preparing to retreat they had filled these niches with dynamite—sixteen tons in and around the cathedral—and had intended, of course, to blow it up, but the French arrived a whole day sooner than the Germans had expected them so the cathedral was saved and their timely arrival is the cause for the city not looking any worse than it does.

With one exception there isn't a whole statue or monument left standing in St. Quentin, but there are several bases of what had been copper and bronze ones. This exception is an attractive fountain and is made of granite which is the reason the enemy could not use it. The fountain had been dedicated in a large public park in June, 1914, but not without much previous deliberation as to whether it should be made of copper or granite. Now they are glad that the Granites won!

The following day some of the friends' relatives came from places nearby the city and we had a grand repast. Three of these people I had met after the armistice in Brette, Le Mans area. There was Madame Souplet, her four-year old son, Andre, and a sixteen-year old sister. Olga Delapleriere. During the war M. Souplet was in the French army, but, being interned, they never heard from him during that time; of their parents they knew nothing. At the time of our acquaintance the three had been in France only a short time having been repatriated through Switzerland.

During the German occupation of St. Quentin this family, like many others, had been split up. Olga's father had been sent to one part of Belgium and her mother to another part while the two daughters and Andre were in yet some other part of the country. During most of the four years none of the family

knew where the other was nor under what conditions they were existing, if, indeed, they were yet living. It was wonderful that this family could be restored to one another and they surely seemed to appreciate being together again. It pleased me that several of these people went to the station that afternoon to see me off on the 2:20 train for Amiens via Tergnier.

After a fifteen minute wait at that busy junction along came the Laon-Amiens express "running only between June 25 and Sept. 24." Again, and during the rest of my journey, I was to pass through country entirely new to me. There was no great outstanding feature of this ride except that all the railroad was new; buildings all along were new; there were new bridges—new everything. Previous to and during the war you had, no doubt, read about and seen pictures of the beautiful Chateau de Chaulnes which was occupied by the Duc and Duchesse de Chaulnes, a former American girl. This place had been entirely destroyed by bombs; another house was under construction near the site of the old one.

From Villers-Bretonneux to Amiens (seventeen miles) I was much interested in the gardens and the farmer's mode of travel. The ground is very low and gardens and patches of land are entirely surrounded by water so that the only way to reach them is by boat. These boats are very peculiar, but a practical type, being flat bottomed and about sixteen feet from bow to stern. The ends are built so that the tip of the bow is about three feet above the water and the end of the stern about four feet above the water. Besides the regular seats there are, along both ends, built-in seats for children, dogs or other pets which the tillers may wish to take along with them for the day.

Everything was so interesting that I had not taken time to look up the hotels of Amiens but I knew that there would be some near the station. The first one that I saw was the Hotel de l'Est so, as it looked all right, I went there as it would be handy to the train the next morning. I wouldn't stay there again: entrance is only through a cafe—yes, that was all right, but the stairway was rickety and dark and the room, although with two windows, was not too pleasing. Yet, I had running water, both hot and cold faucets containing cold water, and the bed was clean. Now, ask me, what could I expect for twelve francs—forty-eight cents!

That evening there was glorious sunset with feathery, colored clouds all over the sky: with such a background I viewed the beatuiful Cathedral Church of Amiens, luckily undamaged by the war. This cathedral has often been regarded as the masterpiece of the Gothic Architecture of the 13th Century, having been begun in 1220 and finished in 1288, with few exceptions such as spires, etc. The rest of the evening was spent in dining and in visiting various shops. Early the next morning I again visited the cathedral. In describing this edifice there are, in my opinion, only two ways of doing it,—either say in only two or three adjectives how fine it is or write a regular description of it. The latter is what I shall do, but in order not to bore you longer I shall save that for the next issue.

While at the church I met a young Scotchman, an architect, who had toured the western part of France on a bicycle. The previous day he had made the distance of 131 kilometers from Paris to Amiens and he was riding on to Calais where he would take the boat over to Dover and then "bike" to Scotland.

It was with reluctance (my companion for the rest of the trip) that I left Amiens on the 9:26 a.m. (Paris-London) express for New York via Boulogne-sur-Mer and the S.S. Rotterdam.

AN OPEN LETTER

General C. R. Edwards,
Boston, Mass.
Dear General Edwards:

Received your most welcome letter and took special note that a YD association was formed in Boston. I am inclosing my check for dues which I hope you will see gets into the right channel for membership.

The more I think of this organized silence of General Headquarters the more fighting mad I get, owing to the dirty play our outfit got. I have a copy of the Chicago Herald-Examiner dated Sunday, Dec. 10, 1922. The heading of it is, "Gen. Von Gallwitz tells how Yank Troops surprised Germans in St. Mihiel Battle." It tells in this piece who really won the war. I am sending it to you and wish you would return it to me at your earliest opportunity after reading it. He, our enemy, at least respected those Boy Scouts of ours. In this piece is an item of our attack of June 19, in the Forest of Remiers. I had charge of the Forest of Remiers on this date and had sent to me a new lieutenant, namely, Lieut. Clark. Owing to his inexperience in the lines he told me to take charge which I gladly did. After this scrap I received a citation.

Talk about organized silence, I was supposed to have gotten something; God only knows what it was and to this date the Lord only knows where it is. As for myself I don't give a darn for it, as I enlisted to fight, but five weeks ago I had a little daughter born into the world and if it is not too late and I have anything coming to me, I want it for her sake. I understand from home from an unauthorized source that these boys were given the D. S. C. As records will show I was sent back to the U. S. after the Chateau-Thierry drive on order R 38 as an instructor. This is probably the reason I lost out. If there is anything that you can do in regard to this I wish you would let me know how to go about it.

—Oliver H. Turgeon (M)
(F Co., 102nd Inf.)

Buffalo, N. Y.
October 9.

Wifey—John, there is someone in the pantry and I've just made a pie.

Hubby—Well, it's all right with me as long as he don't die in the house.

"THE TORCH OF THE PAST"

By Lieut. Leon F. Denis (M)

The average American is not, alas, a professional soldier. But he certainly does know one when he sees one.

We were trained, in the good old days—and that is not so far back either—by men who WERE professional soldiers, in all that the word implies. We can remember, that before the World War, a squad-room in the Regular Army had a certain appearance, the room itself and the men therein. This was practically universally the same throughout our service. We can remember the time when a man was a recruit for the first year of his enlistment—to be seen and not heard, and that he ranked, not with, but after the troop mascot. This was the Old Army.

It seems to have disappeared, but where to and why? These men were not all killed in the World War, nor have those not casualties all retired, not yet, thank goodness. Many are still alive, or their second generation, but the officers who instructed them and were responsible for their morale are no more. A few of them are still in the army, yes; but mostly in high commands where that close contact acquired in troop command cannot be continued. Why is it that the officers who have come since their time have not that iron in their eyes and soul, that whip-crack in their voices, that lightning in their glances and action that the Old Army Officers had? Because the old Officers, either retired now or holding the highest of command were trained on the Frontier; they are the last of that gallant band. When the frontier ceased to be, the best training school possible for officers below field grade ceased with it.

It does not seem at a glance that the extinction of the buffalo and the admittance of the last two states into the Union was a heavy blow to our national defense, but such was the case. Even the Mexican frontier has become a thing of the past. With all these things went something more; the almost daily requirement for junior officers to make a decision upon which both his and the lives of his men depended, whether a squad or a troop; when to know that if he guessed wrong he would never make another guess. Of course the frontiers have not been continuously "active" in the full sense of the word since Custer's days; but after the Spanish-American war it must be remembered there was Cuba and the Philippines to pacify and occupy for many years after actual control had been taken; which work was identical with that carried on against the red man only a few years prior. Then, with the quieting of the Philippines, the Mexican frontier assumed a sort of volcanic aspect where many a present-day squadron and similar commander was well "broken in" at a lone outpost of similar duty where mistakes were costly both in blood and in money. With another couple of decades similar to the one following the World War, there will be no visible trace of the "Old Days" remaining in our service, and, should another major emergency make itself felt, the absence of these old-timers will be felt very keenly.

To quote Colonel Meygret of the First Regiment of Spahis in French Morocco: "I remember when I joined this regiment. I was a captain then. Joffre, Foch, Lyautey, Gallieni and Petain were all here then in Morocco or Algeria. We were all learning. You tell me the name of a successful commander in the War and I'll tell you the name of his colonial regiment. It teaches them to think, the service out here. Then there's no society life out here either. Don't need any. We're too tired. When I was a captain I used to be up at daybreak, schooling a horse. After breakfast down to the office. By the time I got through there it was time to drill. After that, hunt. Nothing like hunting to train a soldier. Problems are all right, but they don't teach a man WAR. Did you ever hear of a problem where an officer had to keep an outfit fed, supplied with water and ammunition, and arrange to get his wounded out, and if he didn't get the right solution he and his men would go hungry? No. That's the trouble with problems. The frontier is the place to train officers. They're alone here, out on outpost or a patrol. None to advise, no one to pass the buck to. They must decide and if they decide wrong they suffer. The desert sun, and the sandstorm and thrist and hunger, don't care whose responsibility it was that brought a troop there with no provisions. They kill just the same. An officer learns to depend on no one but himself, and implicitly on that person. And he learns another thing too; that any problem presenting itself to a command that is reasonably rested and has been reasonably fed, that problem, young man, has been four-fifths solved. Remember that—if you ever have to handle troops."

This, also is true. It is frontier conditions that developed the First Spahis as it was frontier conditions that developed our Old Army and regiments like the 7th Cavalry, commanded by men like "Tommy" Tompkins. If the 7th had been in British service they'd get out an order from now on, in honor of that glorious old soldier that every soldier in the regiment should wear a full set of whiskers.

MacGregor: "Ay, there's no much pleasure in smokin', Sandy."

MacTavish: "Hae do you make that oot?"

MacGregor: "A weel, when you're a'smokin' your ain bacca, you're thinkin' o' the awfu' expense; and when you're a'smokin' ain ither body's, your pipe is packed so fu' it winna draw."

GENERAL EDWARDS

Of recent years DOINGS has refrained from participating in any renewal of the controversy which threatened at one time to disrupt the 26th Division, and which, from time to time, shows its head again.

Our reticence or neutrality or whatever you wish to call it has not been based on cowardice or any lack of loyalty to our Division Commander. It was merely thought best to let drop a controversy which seemed to arrive nowhere and was succeeding only in embittering one faction against another.

The recent serial by T. HOWARD KELLY (M), entitled "Why General Edwards Was Sent Home," appearing in *McClure's,* has set before the public for the first time the outstanding features of a story which has long been familiar to the men of the 26th Division. Much of it will be new to the public at large; little of it is new to us. The whole story is not yet told; the sources of first-hand, authentic information have not all been reached. Kelly has blazed the trail, others will follow.

Let tacticians argue as they may, let fault-finders pick what flaws they will, let the public think what it pleases, let private jealousies run their course; the position of our Old Man is secure forever in the hearts of his men. It is not as a victorious general they love him, not as a military strategist, but as a human, kindly man with a heart as big as the broad acres of Doneroving. Go out there and sit with him in front of the blazing logs. Gone are the silver stars and khaki, but not the warm handclasp and famous smile. Here is a man who has studied mankind and found it good.

The measure of a man's attainment is not altogether a question of his success in gaining all the objectives of life. How great are the objectives? that is the real question. A Napoleon can rise from obscurity to fame, never fail to achieve victory, and die in exile. The difference, as we see it, between General Edwards and his critics is one of purpose. His objective was greater than military victory and fame; it was to achieve the love and respect of his fellowmen. Measuring by that standard, his riper years are filled with the joy of complete success. What more can any man ask?

WHEN ENGINEERS MEET

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

It has been quite some time since you gave me a write-up in DOINGS but seeing it is just news, I suppose I must forgive you. Although you are a motorist, you are not like some I know—and have seen—who have ears and hear not and eyes and see not. As a matter of fact, I don't think this applies to any F Company man with the exception possibly of JIMMY CONNORS (M) and AL DAY (M) who seem to choose for targets those destroyers of public peace and welfare—the traffic cops.

I'll admit I was or am fortunate to go globe-trotting but what else can a poor benighted bachelor do with his spare time and *money.* If I were as fortunate as most F Company men I would have a wife and family by now and be satisfied to stay within 10 or 15 miles of Boston all the time.

However, as fortunate as I am to have made the Legion trip to San Antonio, I was more fortunate in running head-on into an F Company man after being less than twenty-four hours in the town. This was none other than our old comrade and one of the best officers F Company ever had in the person of GEORGE H. COLLINS (M), now County Engineer for Bexar County where San Antonio is located.

Well, George has been on that job for the last seven or eight years and likes it very well. He is looking fine and I did not see much change in him except a little extra weight. He still holds a commission in the Reserve Officers Corps, besides going to Camp Perry, Ohio, annually for the State of Texas to try out his shooting eye. The day of the parade he was on the staff and there was not a better looking officer there.

Now the most important information I want to give you and any F Company man or YD man for that matter, is that if ever you happen to go to San Antonio, be sure to look up George. He will not only give you the key to the city but I believe he takes the doors off the hinges. As a host I don't think he can be beat.

About ten minutes after we met him we motored to his office in the county courthouse and he informed his secretary that he would be busy for a few days and she would have to run the office the best she could. From then on, in George's car, which displayed the old YD front and back, we were shown everything there was to see.

When we were leaving, his only regret was that we couldn't have stayed longer as there was plenty more to do and see, such as a side trip to Mexico, three hundred miles round trip. I ask you, can you beat that for F Company spirit?

Instead of going to Maine next year you better go south or southwest.

Lt. Col. SAMUEL F. CRECELIUS (M) is also a resident of San Antonio, but as I did not hobnob with high ranking officers of the regiment, I have only a faint recollection of him.

After getting this off my chest, I will close hoping you have learned all of Bostons' new traffic regulations, as I haven't myself.

—E. J. CASEY (M)
(F Co., 101st Engrs.)

Boston,
October 2.

Instead of the usual setting-up exercises in the training of an army in the next war, to make men athletic there will be a regular issue of "Luckies."

The old-fashioned girl certainly knew how to get a dinner. The modern girl does, too, but she uses a different method.

COMPLICATIONS ON THE BORDER

By Philip N. Sanborn (M)

In 1842, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State in President John Tyler's cabinet, met Lord Ashburton, special commissioner from Great Britain, to draw up a treaty which, among other things, should determine the boundary line between Canada and the United States.

The so-called Treaty of Washington was signed on August 9, averting a possible war between the two countries. West of the Great Lakes the boundary follows the 49th parallel of latitude, a straight line over 1000 miles long. East of the lakes, the greatest difficulty was encountered in arriving at a compromise satisfactory to both parties. Finally the boundary was established as follows: From the mouth of the St. Croix River ascending that stream to its western fountain; from that fountain due north to the St. John's River; thence with that river to its source on the watershed between the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence; thence in a southwesterly direction along the crest of the highlands to the northwestern source of the Connecticut; and down that stream to and along the 45th parallel to the St. Lawrence.

The above is taken from Ridpath's *"United States."* A perusal of the actual treaty reveals that it is not absolutely correct in that part of the boundary which follows the St. John's River. A full description of the boundary at this point, as stated in the treaty, is too long to be included here.

A recent motor trip to the border between Jackman, Maine, and Armstrong P. Q., set us to work looking up the facts stated above. We were moved to wonder what Daniel Webster's thoughts would be if he could foresee some of the strange sights along that line today.

The national highway, known as U. S. Route 201, from Bangor to Quebec City, crosses the border where it follows "the crest of the highlands." From Jackman, where the American customs office is located to the boundary is 17 miles, from the boundary to Armstrong, the first settlement on the Canadian side, is 10 miles. Between these two villages the road winds its way up over the mountain range whose crest forms the boundary. The scenery is magnificent.

Approaching from the American side, about a half mile before reaching the line, the present road swings to the left to ascend an easier grade. Directly ahead the old road climbs straight up the side of a hill. A sign warns motorists that they pass that way at their own risk—no small risk with about an inch of wet snow on the ground. To the left of the old road, at the top of the hill, stands the original Line House, a small wooden building entirely surrounded by automobiles. For miles we have not passed a structure of any kind but here at this little shack everyone for miles around seems to have congregated.

On the opposite side of the road from the Line House is a large slab of concrete sunk in the ground and surmounted by a smaller block of the same material. Inset in the top of this latter is a small circular metal disk, about 3 inches in diameter. Across the center of this disk is cut a hair line. On the southern half of the disk appear the words "United States of America"; on the northern half, the words, "Dominion of Canada." The hair line is the boundary. An industrious ant running around on the disk could make several international tours in a very few minutes.

Further from the road on the same side, up a little slope of ground, is a larger concrete monument bearing data relative to the treaty and the names of the signers. It too is on the line. This second marker stands just behind a little cottage or camp. The ridge pole of the camp follows the line. Theoretically, at least, and perhaps actually, the water falling on one side of this roof finds its way to the St. Lawrence River, that falling on the other side to the Atlantic Ocean. Anyone renting the camp may sleep with his head in territory governed by the President in the White House, and his feet in the possessions of his Majesty, George V, sleeping peacefully in Buckingham Palace across the sea.

The Line House itself stands almost entirely in the United States. Only one small room at one end is in Canada. Yes, who guessed it that is the bar. The dining room is at the other end of the house, consequently no liquor can be served with meals.

Standing at the bar is a fascinating procedure in more ways than one. The boundary line runs along one edge of the counter; the edge toward the customers. The bartender stands in Canada and dispenses the beverages with impunity. The consumer stands in the United States, although he reaches into Canada for his glass.

Now figure it out. The 18th Amendment says nothing against drinking. It merely rules against manufacture, sale and transportation. Manufacture is O.K. Sale is O.K. How about transportation? Is the liquor transported into the United States when you lift it across the edge of the bar? Or must you lean forward to drink it.

Shades of Daniel Webster.

MEMORIAL TO BILLY LEVERE

A short article in the Chicago press informs us that a memorial is to be erected in Evanston, Illinois, to the late William C. "Billy" Levere, who was formerly connected with the Yankee Division as the most popular Y.M.C.A. secretary ever assigned to us. Billy died in February, 1927.

The memorial will face his grave in Memorial Park Cemetery.

YD NOVELTIES AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The back cover of last month's DOINGS carried a half-page advertisement of a brand new line of YD novelties in silver and hammered brass which the YD Club management has had made up for sale among its members.

These articles: cigarette cases, belt buckles, desk pads, book ends, etc., have the attractive feature of a distinct individuality. Each bears the famous YD insignia making it a most suitable and thoughtful gift for a YD comrade.

The quality of each article is the best that can be offered for the price which is most reasonable.

The YD Club invites the patronage of mothers and wives of our members who wish to choose a gift which will give lasting pleasure.

BEAVER

Ever see a beaver? Not an aged Hebrew with black whiskers, but the real thing? George, our guide, who had been through all the woods from the Kennebec to the St. John never had seen one before. Their work, yes, many times, but not one of the little furry gentlemen themselves.

On the shores of a lake, mind you, instead of some stream. That in itself was strange enough. We had heard about the beaver house down at the other end of the lake and, one afternoon rowed down to investigate. For a hundred yards along the bank were the signs of their handiwork—or toothwork—as you will. Poplar trees as large as a man's body had been neatly cut down so as to fall into the lake, providing a shelter from the wavelets which the winter wind is bound to whip up before the ice comes. Each fallen tree had been trimmed clean and straight of all limbs. With unbounded industry these smaller branches had been pushed and rolled along until they lay just in the position his lordship desired. The little twigs had been carried away to build the house.

The house itself was about ten feet long, a neatly built mound of interlaced twigs, erected by the carpenter beaver before he called in the plasterer to set to work with his tail for a trowel and close up the chinks and crannies with mud. The entrance was below the surface of the water. No landward entrance to invite such prowling marauders as bobcats and their kind. Within, so George told us, who had looked into such other houses, the architect had laid out the parlor, bedroom and bath, not forgetting the pantry where the winter supplies were stored. Each little room, he assured us, would be found carpeted with leaves.

Apparently the boss beaver had made his final inspection of the work, found it good, and gone off to spend the afternoon in recreation; for there he was swimming around with no apparent purpose in the world but pure enjoyment. As we approached the house a little too close he slapped the water with his flat tail and disappeared. We figured he had gone in to tell the folks about it, but no, up he came again. We sat perfectly still for over a half an hour, while he kept swimming around closer and closer to the boat. Sometimes a sudden noise would precipitate a dive with a resounding spank of the surface sounding like a rifle shot, but on the whole he seemed to regard us with good humored tolerance mixed with a bit of impatience that we lingered so long.

After we went ashore to examine the other end of the house and finally rowed off down the lake, we could still see him swimming around with all the nonchalance in the world.

SUGGESTS UNIFORM FOR YD PILGRIMS

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

In YANKEE DOINGS for October a column is opened for suggestions on regalia for Paris trip.

I think if four or five hundred men make the trip it would be well to adopt some cap, or cap and insignia, for parade purposes. A uniform is very good, say something on the order of the French blue for color, with cap of military shape only different color.

Comrade KELLY's (M) article in *McClure's* is the best ever written on the General.

I expect to make my reservation next month, but I know I am going to have a fight on my hands to get the time off.

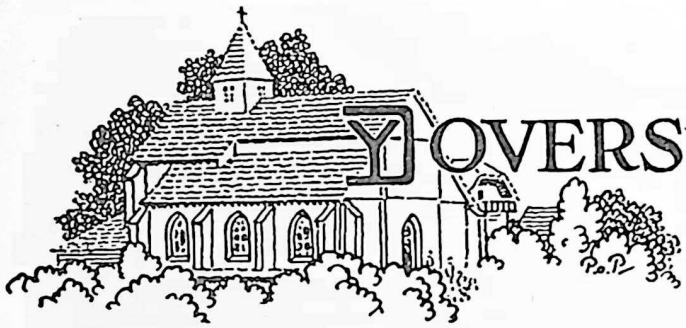
—JAMES MCCARTHY (M)
(C Batt., 102nd F. A.)

Plainfield, N. J.
October 23.

HIGH HONOR TO YD MAN

News has been received at this office that ELLIOTT K. HALE (M) (Hdqtrs. Co., 103rd Inf.) has been admitted to the "Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers," a society organized to perpetuate the memories of this obsolete but honorable profession. The aforesaid Hale was qualified as a member on account of his fine work as pumper in the Church at Gironville (Toul Sector) on Sunday, May 19th, 1918. The occasion was a mass, celebrated by our Chaplain and FLETCHER HYDE, a Universalist, (Hdqtrs. Co.) played the organ which was pumped by an Episcopalian. (Some combination.) Any member of the YD who has pumped at some time or other should send his name and qualifications to CHET SHAFER, Grand Diapason, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

The Grand Diapason who is untiring in his great work will be glad to give all particulars in regard to this select body which is working for such a noble cause. The financial end is within reach of all and special inducements are offered to those who served in the "late unpleasantness." The society is non-partisan, non-sectarian and non-essential and embraces members of all creeds. Among those recently granted special degrees are William Hazlett Upson, the writer who is famous for his war stories. Brother Upson has both pumped and played under shell fire at Chery-Chartreuse and Dun-sur-Meuse.



YD OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

"Every man give one day's pay"

Reports from France indicate that the work of rebuilding the YD Memorial Church in Belleau is progressing—not rapidly perhaps—but steadily. Whether or not the edifice will be wholly completed on May 30 of next year remains a question. No way has yet been devised to hurry a Frenchman. It may perhaps be that a view of an incompleted structure will stimulate those who make the pilgrimage to redoubled efforts in raising the balance of the money necessary to complete it. For the fact must not be forgotten for a moment that the amount in hand at the present time is NOT ENOUGH to finish the job which has been commenced.

The Treasurer reports that Colonel STANCHFIELD (M) walked into the office the other day with a check for $33.00, which had come to him as a voluntary contribution from the American Legion Auxiliary, W. R. Knapp Post No. 58, in memory of the men of the 102nd Machine Gun Battalion who lost their lives in the War.

This was certainly a very fine action on their part and is deeply appreciated. It may also serve as a suggestion to other units.

TREASURER'S REPORT—NOVEMBER 1

RECEIPTS

Previously reported	$29,368.60	
Additional receipts	566.60	
Bank Interest	7.30	
		$29,942.50

EXPENDITURES

Previously reported	$ 5,294.92	
Add	7.50	5,302.42
Balance		$24,640.08*

* Includes

$4,000.00	State St. Tr. Savings Acct.
3,000.00	Boston Penny Savings Bank
11,000.00	Morgan & Cie., Paris
1,500.00	Dorchester Savings Bank
5,140.08	State St. Tr. Checking Acct.
$24,640.08	

TOTALS

Amount pledged	$16,905.05
Amount paid on pledges	8,121.80
Due on pledges	$8,783.25
Cash received	$29,942.50
Due on pledges	8,783.25
Total	$38,725.75

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO NOVEMBER 1

Div. Hdq. & Troop	*Cash*	*Pledges*	*Totals*
	$3,016.70	$200.00	$3,216.70
101st Inf.	1,693.78	679.00	2,372.78
101st F. A.	5,478.34	321.50	5,799.84
101st Tr. M.	55.00	18.00	73.00
101st Supply Tr.	128.30	40.00	168.30
*101st San. Tr.	691.65	301.00	992.65
101st F. Sig. Bn.	320.30	55.00	375.30
101st Tr. Hdq. & M. P.	231.45	45.00	276.45
101st M. G. Bn.	408.19	25.00	433.19
101st M. O. R. S.	11.00	.....	11.00
101st Engrs.	3,832.65	327.00	4,159.65
101st Amm. Tr.	780.85	1,385.00	2,165.85
102nd Inf.	1,411.38	153.00	1,564.38
102nd F. A.	2,072.85	137.75	2,210.60
102nd M. G. Bn.	1,064.65	121.00	1,185.65
103rd Inf.	1,767.75	4,296.50	6,064.25
103rd F. A.	2,808.75	134.50	2,943.25
103rd M. G. Bn.	547.95	154.00	701.95
104th Inf.	1,634.50	273.00	1,907.50
51st Art. Brig.	588.00	35.00	623.00
52nd Inf. Brig.	127.43	10.00	137.43
51st Inf. Brig.	133.40	.....	133.40
Miscellaneous	947.40	72.00	1,019.40
Bank Interest	178.55	.....	178.55
Postage on Brochures	4.38	.....	4.38
	$29,935.20	$8,783.25	$38,718.45

* Includes

101st F. H.	102nd Amb.
101st Amb.	103rd F. H.
101st San. Tr. Hq.	103rd Amb.
102nd F. H.	104th F. H.
104th Amb.	

NEW YORK NAMES IN PARIS

The New Yorker finds his New York favorite shops around the hotel district for here are Sulka's, Delmonico's, Sonora, Brentano's, Spalding's, Cartier's, Walkover, and others. Then, in art, are such New York names as Seligman, Duveen and Knoedler.

There are several American churches, any number of Associations and Clubs, 54 American lawyers, 31 dentists, 63 engineers (including one named Lindbergh, but not Lindy), 15 clergymen, 21 physicians and surgeons, 3 osteopaths, one oculist and one chiropractor. Only one oculist. Paris is good for the eyes!

RE: THE VERDUN MEDAL

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I am applying for one of those Verdun Medal applications. I don't intend to put the medal "in a drawer with all the others" as one of our heroes said, as I haven't that many others, but the souvenir hunting instinct was firmly implanted in me and I can't get over it.

—RAYMOND J. QUEENIN (M)
(102nd Inf.)

Berwyn, Md.
October 8.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS OF WORLD WAR

The Yankee Division Veterans Association is indebted to Lieut. LEON F. DENIS (M) (104th Inf.) for a collection of copies of some of the more important General Orders issued by the War Department during the World War. General Order No. 38, dated April 2, 1917, creates the six new territorial departments of the United States Army and assigns a commanding general to each, Brigadier General CLARENCE R. EDWARDS (LM) being assigned to take command of the Northeastern Department with headquarters at Boston.

General Order No. 45, dated April 23, 1917, publishes for the information of the Army the proclamation of President Wilson pertaining to the apprehension, restraint and security of enemy aliens.

General Order No. 88, dated July 11, 1917, provides for the system of numeration of divisions, brigades and regiments in the Regular Army, National Guard and National Army. Regular Army Divisions to be numbered 1 to 25 inclusive; National Guard Divisions, 26 to 75 inclusive, National Army Divisions from 76 upward. Regimental designations run from 1 to 100 in the Regular Army; 101 to 300 in the National Guard; and 301 upward in the National Army.

General Order No. 90, dated July 12, 1917, publishes the proclamation of the President calling for the induction into Federal service of the National Guard of the several states and sets the dates for such induction. The date for the National Guard of New England is set as July 25, 1917.

General Order No. 101, dated August 3, 1917, specifies the organization of an infantry division, an Army Corps and an Army.

General Order No. 114, dated August 23, 1917, assigns 31 major generals to the command of the 31 concentration camps all over the United States. Major General Harry F. Hodges is assigned to the command of Camp Devens, Ayer, Massachusetts.

General Order No. 117, dated August 30, 1917, directs Brig. General John A. Johnston to assume command of the Northeastern Department, relieving Major General CLARENCE R. EDWARDS. (General EDWARDS had been given command of the newly formed 26th Division.)

General Order No. 170, dated December 31, 1917, publishes for the information of the Army the proclamation of President Wilson of a state of war between the United States and the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Government.

THEM WAS THE DAYS

LEON F. DENIS (M) (104th Inf.) sends the Y. D.V.A. a copy of one of General Phil Sheridan's field orders. It provides fascinating reading to the military student.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
IN THE FIELD
Depot on the North Canadian,
at the Junction of Beaver Creek-
Indian Territory.
November 29, 1868.

GENERAL FIELD ORDERS
NUMBER 6

The Major General commanding, announces to this command the defeat, by the Seventh regiment of Cavalry, of a large force of Cheyenne Indians, under the celebrated chief, Black Kettle, re-enforced by the Arapahoes under Little Raven, and the Kiowas under Satanta, on the morning of the 27th instant, on the Washita River, near the Antelope Hills, Indian Territory, resulting in a loss to the savages of one hundred and three warriors killed, including Black Kettle; the capture of fifty-three squaws and children; eight hundred and seventy-five ponies; eleven hundred and twenty-three buffalo robes and skins; five hundred and thirty-five pounds of powder; one thousand and fifty pounds of lead; four thousand arrows; seven hundred pounds of tobacco; besides rifles, pistols, saddles, bows, lariats, and immense quantities of dried meat and other winter provisions; the complete destruction of their village, and almost total annihilation of this Indian band.

The energy and rapidity shown during one of the heaviest snow storms that has visited this section of the country, with the temperature below freezing point, and the gallantry and bravery displayed, resulting in such signal success, reflects the highest credit upon both the officers and enlisted men of the Seventh Cavalry; and the Major General commanding, while regretting the loss of such gallant officers as Major Elliott and Captain Hamilton who fell while gallantly leading their men, desires to express his thanks to the officers and men engaged in the battle of the Washita and his special congratulations to their distinguished commander, Brevet Major George A. Custer, for the efficient and gallant services rendered, which have characterized the opening of the campaign against hostile Indians south of the Arkansas.

By command of Major General P. H. SHERIDAN

J. SCHUYLER CROSBY
Brevet Lieutenant Colonel
A.D.C., A.A.A. General

YD PILGRIMAGE TO FRANCE

There is but little to add at this time to the information given in previous issues concerning the YD Pilgrimage to France next Spring.

Literature is in preparation which will give the whole story in concise form. Meanwhile our members can help greatly by spreading the information which has appeared in DOINGS among the non-members of the Association. Up to date no attempt has been made to reach anyone except our active membership. This has been done through YANKEE DOINGS. To reach the others requires considerable work and expense. It will be done, each veteran of the Division whose address is known will receive a printed form upon which he may make application for reservations in whatever class he may desire. But a great deal of preparatory work can be done by our members in giving the widest publicity to the Pilgrimage.

We take pleasure in announcing that the first man to make an actual deposit, thus securing a reservation for his passage to France is DANA F. KAISER (M) (103rd Inf.) Many others have let it be definitely known that they are ready to make reservation at any time.

Watch next month's DOINGS for an important announcement.

TO AVOID CONFUSION

When members of the Legion get their 1929 membership cards they will notice a line reading "_____ is a member in good standing until December 31, 1929."

This was a suggestion made by LARRY NUGENT of Somerville, Massachusetts, who did his stuff for Uncle Sam during the war with the 26th Division and who is now on the force at Department Headquarters of the Legion of Massachusetts.

He is the same lad who, a couple of years ago, heard a woman outside his home screaming and although he was badly wounded and still suffers from the effects of his wound, he rushed out and tackled the thief who had snatched the woman's pocketbook and held him until the police arrived. Besides having plenty of the right kind of nerve he uses his head to think with. His suggestion in regard to the cards we are sure will save a lot of confusion in regard to membership during ensuing years.

SERMONS IN PARIS STONES

Whichever way you turn in Paris, granite blocks, mountains of masonry and the very stones of the streets will talk with you. The Arc de Triomphe will relate all it has seen from the day when Napoleon erected it to glorify the victories of the Revolution and the Empire till the July day in 1919 when the soldiers of the Allied armies marched through it. The Louvre where you see the Venus de Milo and Mona Lisa will do its best to make you listen to the tale when Francis I, Catherine de Medici and Louis XIII and XIV inhabited its walls. The Palais Royal may try to say something of Richelieu and Anne of Austria, if it can get past telling of its fire during the Commune. In La Conciergerie I have listened to the prison walls tell of Marie Antoinette until the place seemed to be, as it has been made, her shrine, while every time I walk over the Pont de la Concorde, stone after stone, grey with the terrors of an unobliterate past, tells me that it used to be part of the old Bastile which the fury of the mob destroyed July 14th, 1789. These are all truly lithographic sermons to the visitor.

THE TOWER OF CHARLEMAGNE

Those who had the pleasure of visiting Tours during their sojourn in the A.E.F. will doubtless remember the tower of Charlemagne and be interested to hear of its sudden collapse. This unfortunate catastrophe resulted in the complete destruction of one of the finest relics of the Dark Ages after standing for 1128 years.

Several large cracks were noticed on the face of the tower and before long these widened and the mayor ordered all those living in the vicinity to evacuate their homes. About 8:00 o'clock in the evening, some 24 hours after the first warning, the massive tower trembled and swayed and with a roar suddenly crashed to earth. The people had sufficient warning so that fortunately no one was hurt.

This is the first incident on record of any old building being so completely destroyed as the result of old age. Lack of funds, owing to the war, had held up the necessary repairs on the tower.

BACK NUMBERS OF DOINGS WANTED

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I note in the October issue that the following numbers of YANKEE DOINGS, which are missing from my file, cannot be supplied by you. Vol. I, Nos. 1, 1, 3. Vol. II, Nos. 4, 8. There are two Vol. I, No. 1. I am missing both of them. There are two Vol. II, No. 8. I have the October number, but not the August. Can any reader of DOINGS supply me with these missing numbers or any of them?

I would also like to secure the following numbers of the *American Legion Weekly*: Vol. I, Nos. 1 to 17 inclusive, and No. 24. Vol. II, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18, 20.

There are a few extra copies of the old issues in my files and I would be very glad to pass them along to some other collector who is trying to complete his file.

—ELLIOTT K. HALE (M)
(103rd Inf.)

Lisbon Falls, Me.
October 29.

YD AUXILIARY

The regular meeting of the YD Auxiliary was held Wednesday evening, October 10, with the President, Mrs. Alfred Snape in the Chair.

The Welfare Committee reported being very busy, a great many calls from the boys and their families coming in.

The Hospital Committee has been visiting the hospitals with candy, cigarettes and cards for the boys.

The sewing meeting was held at Mrs. Mable Anderson's and one more new member was added. Lunch was served. A large amount of work was finished and a good time was had by all. We hope for even a larger attendance at the future meetings as there is a great call coming in for different articles which are really very urgent.

A Costume Party was held Monday evening, October 29. A grand march was held in which the prettiest and the funniest costumes worn by gentlemen and ladies were picked. Prizes were won by Mrs. Lewis McDowell and Mrs. Mildred Perlman. Two specialty dance numbers were given by one of the Club members. Ice cream and cake were served.

The Auxiliary wishes at this time to thank the Club for their splendid co-operation in making this party a success and the chairman of the entertainment wishes to thank personally Mr. Foss (M), Mr. SNYDER (M), and Mr. ZOLLINGER (M) for the help they gave in decorating the hall and in helping the party.

It is also desired to call to the attention of all friends and members the bazaar to be held November 24 at the YD Club hall. This will be open from 10:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. under the direction of Mrs. Alfred Snape.

A home-cooked supper will be served from 6:00 to 8:00 p.m. on the day of the bazaar. Tickets, 50 cents. Luncheon at 12 noon. Whist Party starting at 8:00 p.m. Prizes.

Friends and members of the Club and Auxiliary will be sorry to learn that Mrs. Mary Lynch is very ill at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital; also "Mother" Buswell's husband is very ill. The sympathy of all the members is extended to them.

—(Mrs.) MARION DRAYTON

YD POST 290, A. L.

At its meeting of October 22, YD Post had as guest speakers Professor Dietrichson of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Mr. Carl Schrader, Director of Physical Education of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Mr. Schrader, who spoke first, gave his impressions of the 1928 Olympic Games at Amsterdam which he attended as an observer. He also spoke of athletic carnivals in Switzerland and Germany. He emphasized the importance with which European nations regard a general participation in athletics rather than a high degree of specialization, and commended their practice as the one to bring about the most beneficial results to the health and well-being of the people.

Professor Dietrichson, assisted by NORMY CARTER (M), gave an interesting lecture on the discovery, manufacture, properties and uses of liquid air, accompanied by demonstrations of its action. Flowers, pieces of raw beef, rubber balls, and an egg were frozen into a brittle state by brief immersion in the liquid air, the temperature of which is 316 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. A dish of mercury was frozen and used as a hammer to drive tacks into a board. Alcohol and ether were frozen into solid chunks of "ice." The rubber balls when dropped on the floor after their liquid-air bath crashed to pieces like electric light bulbs.

Both of the speakers received spirited applause and the Post members were unanimous in their opinion that it was a fine meeting. The entertainment committee of which JIMMY LYNCH (M) is chairman, promised many more evenings of entertainment during the coming winter.

On Sunday, November 11, the Post participated in the big Armistice Day parade. The YD float and the members in smocks were a feature of the parade. Many members of the YD Club of Boston marched with the Post as its guests. All the Past Commanders, Department of Massachusetts, were invited to march with YD Post and several of them accepted the invitation.

YD CLUB OF WASHINGTON

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

The Washington Club hasn't done a thing since Memorial Day, but I saw Colonel REDMOND (M) the other day and he tells me that GLASSFORD is coming back to Washington, so keep your shirt on, you'll hear from us soon. Glassford was the power plant of the Club here and when he left the Club went to sleep.

—RAYMOND J. QUEENIN (M)
(102nd Inf.)

Berwyn, Md.
October 8.

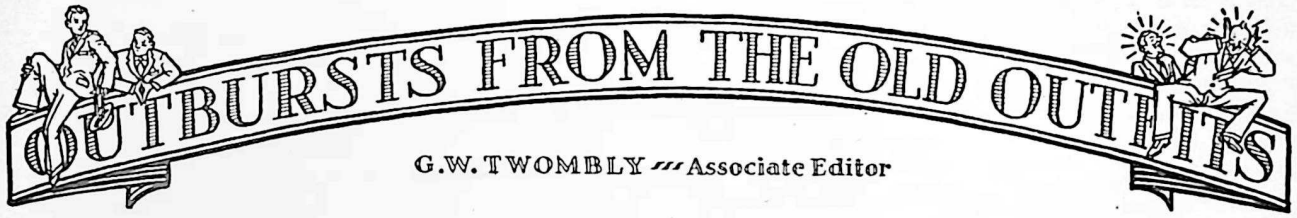
OUR TRAVELING DELEGATE

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

The following is a list of YD men I met on my recent trip to San Antonio: EDMUND L. HORNIBROOK (104th Inf.) who lives in Atlanta, Georgia, and is traveling through the South for the C. F. Wright Steel and Wire Co. of Worcester, Mass.; FLOYD SHOEMAKER (103rd Inf.) now of Foley, Alabama; LANE (D or C Co., 101st Inf.); and Major H. B. GILSTRAP (101st Inf.), whose address is Elks Club Bldg., Oklahoma City, and who wishes to find out why he has not received the regimental history which he paid for.

—E. J. CASEY (M)
(F Co., 101st Engrs.)

Boston,
October 30.



ENGINEER ENTRIES

WELFARE ASSOCIATION

The first meeting of the 101st United States Engineers Welfare Association was held in the Cadet Armory, Columbus Avenue, on Monday, October 1, at 2:00 o'clock. In the absence of the president, Mrs. Francis, who was attending the National Convention of the American Legion, in Texas, the vice-president, Mrs. C. C. Rogers, presided. Reports were read from the various committees and plans were outlined for the coming year. It was voted to discontinue our hospital work until our president returned and could outline our plans for the new hospital at Bedford. Tea was served by Headquarters Company.

The Annual Bazaar was held at the Cadet Armory on Saturday, November 10, at 2:00 p.m. There was the usual fancy work, candy, food, apron, and children's tables. A new feature was a parcel post table. Supper was served at 6:00 o'clock at 50 cents a person. Christmas cards are now on sale and may be obtained from various members. Mrs. Samuel Landon was chairman of this committee.

—ROSAMOND SPALDING,
Chairman of Publicity.

HEADLINES OF HEADQUARTERS

Allow us to introduce the very newest member of the Y.D.V.A., Col. SAMUEL F. CRECELIUS (M) of San Antonio, Texas. The Colonel writes that he was very much delighted at being found by WALLER (M) during the American Legion convention and expresses the hope to attend an Engineer reunion soon to renew valued acquaintances. His address is 602 Real Estate Building, San Antonio, Texas.

CAPERS OF C

We note that this column has been somewhat neglected in the past few issues. We do not know if we should blame it on to the blonde author of the column who was married a few months ago or not, but we have noticed that since he was married the column has suffered. We know also that the first six months of married life is the hardest.

The author, however, cannot write without material and it is up to each member of the company to furnish this material. Now let us get together and swamp the author with news. Don't keep it to yourself, tell us all about it.

This buck private would like to read about all the other old bucks and also the higher-ups. We know that HAROLD HADLEY is alive, fat, and healthy looking, for we chased his Marmon the other day in Cambridge, but how can a Nash catch a Marmon with a man like Hadley at the wheel?

—H. E. S. (M)

Met LOUIS BROWN (M) the other day and he looks much on the side of prosperity. Beside being the office manager of the Conant-Ball Co., a furniture concern, Louie has added about thirty on the avoirdupois and lives down Lynn way where he has established a handsome residence, second to none. Good luck.

WALLIE HILL (M) has appeared on the avenue in the vicinity of No. 200 where he enjoyed an evening with the boys at the Club. Wallie is over here on some business and has brought the Mrs. along to see the sights of the town. Wallie would have liked to see the boys but had to leave soon so left a hello for the gang.

Finally, due to the diligent work of HENRY STORM, in compiling his data of the History of C Company, the finished copy has been submitted for inspection and is now going the rounds for approval and action by the board and members of C Company. Can truthfully say, after having rushed through it, that we all have something good coming to us and would advise that we keep up the interest and be on the ground for one when they are issued. A job well done by Stormy.

Met ALVITI on the Elevated the other day with Mrs. Alviti. Al seems to hold up the same as always and didn't hesitate to remind me of the last outing at Old Orchard. Al still has his barber shop on Broadway, Somerville. Wants to be remembered to the boys.

It looks as if JOHN FERGUSON (M) will be the first C Co. man to book a passage for the great adventure next May, the YD Pilgrimage to France. We hope many others will be able to follow suit.

We learn that PETE MCGARVEY (M) and Miss Mary A. Sims of Canton, Mass., were married about one month ago. A surprise was given Pete by a few hundred of his friends who tendered him a banquet which he will never forget.

Many who have seen STORM's article in the recent issue of the Sunday Globe have only the highest comments on the article of C Company.

RAY MCAULEY has recently finished work on the Sears-Roebuck Building where he was on the job as civil engineer. Ray looks good and is now ready to tackle another job.

LINDLEY BOND (M) has pulled up stakes at Watertown and hied himself and family to his new residence in Wellesley. Lindley recently finished a small

article on C Company for a special Armistice Day number of the Sunday Post. The article apparently went over good.

EDWIN BARNES (M) is very busy these days at the bank in South Boston where he has been for some time. Ed is counting much money these days and is looking in the pink.

—C. W. Z. (M)

DOINGS OF D

"Rise-and-Shine" BABCOCK is living again in Norwood, where he is with the town's electric light plant.

KEN MORROW is our champion hunter. On his trip this year to Lampedo, N. B., he knocked down the largest moose ever shot in that section. The moose dressed 700 lbs., had a spread of 54 inches with 17 points. As Ken also got a nice head last year, he is to present the new one to the Norwood Memorial Building.

We understand that KEN JONES has returned to Milwaukee where he is making a big success.

AL HENDERSON is the proud father of another son and has named him Edward Walker Henderson. Our former Supply Sergeant issued him a mess cup on his arrival but fell down badly on the issue of clothing.

—E. F. W. (M)

ECHOES OF E

Our old lieutenant BILL CHISHOLM (M) was in town during August and managed to see quite a number of his old buddies. He also took in the State Legion Convention and it seemed good to have him around.

JAKE STAHL has shifted his billet to 130 Belgrade Avenue, Roslindale.

BOBBY PAUL (M) has two sons and one daughter which isn't so bad for a little fellow.

HANK DROWN (M) had a tough time this summer. The day after he arrived in the country for his vacation his boy was taken very seriously ill and was in the hospital for four weeks. Fortunately by the aid of our old friend Doc CONNOR the boy pulled through and is O.K. once more.

—R. M. E. (M)

FANCIES OF F

One by one, the wandering sheep return to the fold. After all attempts to locate him had failed who should suddenly be discovered in San Antonio, but our old looey, GEORGE COLLINS (M), who acted as Company Commander during the training period and on the Toul front. ELMER CASEY (M) ran across him while attending the National Convention of the American Legion and reports a wonderful reception. We immediately forwarded an application blank for Y.D.V.A. membership which was returned with the necessary cash in record time. He writes from the office of the Highway Department, San Antonio, where he is Highway Engineer, as follows:

"You can imagine my delight in running into JIM CASEY here during the Convention. He is the first man out of the old outfit I've seen since the war, as being an 'educated tramp,' I've been all over North America since those days.

"Am returning the application blank properly filled out and my check for $2.00, to cover the membership in the Veterans' Association.

"Jim sent me copies of the story of F Company and the regimental history. I must congratulate the authors and illustrators, particularly those connected with the F Company book, which is an indication that the efficiency of our outfit carries on in peace time pursuits, as well as in war. I'm proud of it.

"Jim told me of Captain Eddie's death. It's a severe blow to us all, as a whiter man, a more true and noble character, or a finer gentleman or soldier never lived.

"Give my best regards to all the boys. I hope to see you all at a reunion soon, the best outfit in any man's army."

Elsewhere in this number, CASEY tells of his meeting and grand reception.

Met JIM LINGOES a short time ago. He says the fur business is fair but might be a lot better. We met him in a lunch room near the Club; can't see that he has lost any weight or appetite.

ELMER CASEY (M) ought to be appointed official scout for the company. In addition to finding GEORGE COLLINS (M), he reports running across KENSETH recently, another man whom most of us have neither seen nor heard from in nine years.

LEW FLANDERS has recovered sufficiently from his long confinement which culminated in the amputation of one leg, to be out again. In practising with what he calls his "store leg" he fell and broke his hip, but that is now on the road to recovery. He attended a recent meeting of YD Post of which he is a member and it certainly seemed good to us to see him again.

ED PURDY (M) has been employed by the YD Club to make some alterations in the electric wiring system.

—P. N. S. (M)

103rd MACHINE GUN BATTALION

C COMPANY

The veterans of C Company turned out for the Armistice Day parade and held services at and placed wreaths on the graves of their departed comrades.

At the regular meeting, Comrade JOHN S. MITCHELL received a vote of thanks for the fine prize he donated at the outing.

Since Comrade NORMAN A. MACLEOD joined the ranks of the benedicts, he has been missing at the meetings for a number of months. We hope he proves as good a husband as he was a member. But why not be good at both, Mac?

Comrade WILLIAM G. THOMPSON, the butter and egg man of C Company, was elected a trustee to serve for eighteen months.

Comrade MARK P. "HAPPY" CONROY was seen riding around in a new machine. Why not ride around to the next meeting, Happy?

Comrade FRANK DIFFLEY says all the boys wear shoes, so come in and see him at Pierce's Shoe Store. He'll keep the size a secret.

—H. A. C. (M)

101ST INFANTRY ITEMS

JOHN BUCKLEY (M) (D Co.) received high praise from A. J. Philpott, critic of the Boston Globe, for his excellent artistry in painting the portraits of MICHAEL J. O'CONNELL, former Corporal of D Company, who was killed in France, and for whom the American Legion Post in Jamaica Plain, Mass., is named; and of Sergt. J. EDWARD "EDDIE" MURRAY, first Commander of the Post, also of D Company, who died a few months ago. John is an instructor in a Boston Art School.

GEORGE GILBODY, former Sergeant-Major, and now a Major in the National Guard, managed the campaign of General COLE (LM) of our Division for Governor.

General LOGAN, (M) our old Regimental C. O., has been much in the limelight recently through his espousal of the cause of Gov. Smith.

GEORGE MOYSE, *former* C. O. of D Co. and K Co. has been running for re-election as Senator from the district around Waltham. At the time of publication, he should be receiving congratulations.

SAM HINGSTON (M) (B Co.) is much in evidence around the Boston City Hall. Sam is quiet, and effective.

GUS FURDON (M) (C Co.) patronizes a certain restaurant known colloquially as "Cups" in the Back Bay, and has as his companion to a large extent JOHN KELLY (M) of B Co. and City Hall.

EDDIE CROWLEY (D Co.) is manager of the Elks Drug Store in Boston, which is connected with the Elks Hotel, in the theatrical district on Tremont Street.

PHIL SOUSA (M) (D Co.) has been appointed instructor of the rifle team of the YD Post of the American Legion. Phil was a Sergeant and exponent of the McNab System in France, and ought to know his "onions."

JIMMY ROSE (M) former Lieut. of M Co. "bantams," recently returned from San Antonio, where he was a delegate from Massachusetts to the American Legion convention.

MONTY BROWN (M) (B Co.) is employed in the radio department of Steinert & Sons, on Arch Street, Boston.

BILL GILLESPIE (I Co.) has been promoted to a Lieutenancy in the Mass. N. G.

MARK KING (M) visited the Club on Nov. 3rd, on liberty from the Chelsea Naval Hospital, where he has been a patient. Not many of the boys around the Club knew (because Mark never aired his physical troubles) that he had been afflicted for a few years with ulcers.

Our sympathy goes out to MICHAEL J. MOONEY (M) (H Co.) now of 66 Antrim Street, Cambridge, Mass., who recently lost his wife while living in Detroit. Mike will now have the difficult job of being both Daddy and mother to two little Mooneys.

—J. A. C. (M)

B COMPANY

A memorial service for the late JOHN J. "BOBBY" BURNS was held at St. Joseph's cemetery, by former members of B Company, on Columbus Day, October 12. Congressman John McCormack delivered the oration.

D COMPANY

On the evening of October 31, the portraits of two outstanding heroes of D Company were presented to the Michael J. O'Connell Post, American Legion of Jamaica Plain. One of these was of MICHAEL J. O'CONNELL, for whom the Post was named and who lost his life in France; the other of Sergeant J. EDWARD MURRAY, one of the organizers of the Post who died recently.

The portraits were painted by JOHN M. BUCKLEY (M) also of D Company. The unveiling exercises were held in the hall of the Jamaica Plain High School and were attended by many former comrades of the two men thus honored. Major VINCENT BREEN'S (M) son and the daughter of Mayor Nichols together unveiled the paintings. The presentation to the Post was made by Lt. Col. WILLIAM J. BLAKE (M) and the speech of acceptance by Senator Gaspar Bacon.

"H—er COMP."

The Annual Meeting of the Company H, 101st Infantry, A. E. F. Veterans Association was held at the Cambridge Armory on Wednesday evening, October 10, with approximately forty members of the association present. Officers for the coming year were elected: EVERETT H. CASWELL (M), President; JAMES POWERS (M), 1st Vice President; JOHN MCNIFF, 2nd Vice President; WILLIAM HAIGH (M), Secretary; CHARLES BARTER, Treasurer; JOHN SHIELDS (M), Chairman Executive Committee.

"SPIDER" FOLEY whom we hadn't seen for some time, was one of the long-lost flock present.

Between City Police, State Police and Federal agents, we had a very good representation of the government's agencies for upholding the law present. They were not detailed there—contrary to what one might at first believe, but because they were members of old "H—er Comp."

We are glad to learn that Johnny Andrizano, brother of our own ANDY (M) has fully recovered from his late accident and has started training again. We extend to Johnny our best wishes for success which will bring him back up the ladder where he was before.

By the time this issue of DOINGS is off the press we

will have had our Annual Banquet on Armistice Eve and our Annual Memorial Services at Fall River on the following Sunday. Details of both events will be given in the next number.

—E. H. C. (M)

K COMPANY

October 27, at the South Shore Country Club in Hingham, the old Company gathered for the last of its semi-annual reunions. In the future such meetings will be held yearly, alternately in Hingham and Clinton.

Captain PETER CONNELLY of Clinton, President of the association, opened the meeting, and introduced Col. Walter Bouve, Selectman of Hingham, former Commander of K of the old 5th, and father of our "LINK" BOUVE, as the speaker of the evening. The Colonel delivered a very interesting talk, in which he traced the Hingham branch of the Company back to its inception as an organization at the time of the Indian Wars before the Revolution, and also acquainted many with the fact that Gen. Benjamin Lincoln of Washington's staff, was the first Commander of K Co. of Hingham in 1776. The Colonel was very generously applauded, especially by the Clinton members, who no doubt can offer just as good a history of their outfit.

A chicken dinner was served by Leo Bova, Steward of the Club, and it was voted a "good feed." After the dinner the roll was called, and the following answered:

PETER CONNELLY, JAMES BOYLAN, PETER SCHOFIELD, THEODORE MANUELL, JAMES T. DUANE, JOHN MADDEN (M), HOWARD CUMMINGS, CLARENCE SWETT, GEORGE MACKENZIE, JOHN QUILTY, DOUGLAS ROSS, REGINALD R. BEAL, PAUL DEVANNEY, REGINALD BATES, WILLIAM S. COLE, STEPHEN GRASSIE, HUGH HANNA, LAWRENCE F. NUGENT, CHARLES BENT, JAMES RAMSEY (M), STANLEY MCLEOD (M), BUNNY KENNEDY, JOHN REDDY, ASA GORDON, HAROLD MORSE, LESTER MORSE, JAMES NOONAN, LEMUEL DILL, ALEXANDER FLUETT, FRANCIS MAYPOTHER, RICHARD CRONIN, ERNEST DAVIDSON, EDWARD VATTES, GUS LEDWELL, HERBERT KINGSBURY (M), JOHN GIBBONS, JAMES MOHAN, BENJAMIN MARONEY, EUGENE MACSWEENEY, GEORGE O'MALLEY, JOHN J. O'MALLEY, MICHAEL SCHOFIELD, RICHARD EATON (M), EUGENE MOYSAN, FRANCIS KRAUSE, ROBERT STEWART, EDWARD SULLIVAN, JOHN GRADY, BERNARD RASH, LAWRENCE LITCHFIELD, JAMES A. CRESSWELL (M).

Fifty-one members were present. CLARENCE SWETT, for the second time, was awarded the prize for coming the longest distance, having trekked in from Warren, Mass., near Springfield.

The Clinton boys won the group prize, without a doubt. A bus started from Clinton about 3:00 in the afternoon, with about 30 aboard, and arrived in Hingham at 6:30. The party did not end until 11:00, so the Clintonians must have goten home about 3:00 G.M. Inspired by the above example, the South Shore and Boston members announced that they would attend en masse the next meeting in Clinton.

PETER SCHOFIELD was elected President for the ensuing year; GEORGE MACKENZIE, vice-president; PAUL DEVANNEY, Secretary-Treasurer, and JOHN COUGHLIN, Historian.

It was brought to the attention of the gathering that EDDIE COLLINS and "BUDDY" RAYFUSE were patients in hospitals. A welfare committee, was appointed by the Chair to look after these and any other future cases. This committee, to which any matters concerning welfare should be reported in the future, consists of the following: JAMES T. DUANE, Clinton, Mass.; LAWRENCE F. NUGENT, Somerville, Mass.; EUGENE MACSWEENEY, Edison Light, Waltham, Mass.

After the meeting, a quartet, composed of REGGIE BEAL, STAN MCLEOD (M), REGGIE BATES, and PAUL DEVANNEY, with LET MORSE at the piano, entertained with favorite old numbers, such as "Cooper's Beef Stew Dinner," and "Little Drops of Cognac Came Trickling Down the Rocks."

Company dues are one dollar per year, payable now to PAUL DEVANNEY, Clinton, Mass.

GEORGE MACKENZIE, JAMES NOONAN, LEMUEL DILL, STANLEY MCLEOD (M), and JAMES CRESSWELL (M), arranged the affair, and the exclusive South Shore Country Club was secured through the efforts of Comrades DILL and MACKENZIE.

Because of the fact that old address lists of the war-time company, are obsolete, members are requested to send their present addresses to PAUL DEVANNEY, if they did not hand them in at the meeting.

Clinton, 1929!

—J. A. C. (M)

103RD INFANTRY

RICHARD MCGARRIGLE, JR. (I Co.) has been elected Commander and RALPH W. STEVENS (M. G. Co.) has been elected Senior Vice Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at Calais, Maine.

ERNEST MELENDY (Sgt., M. G. Co.) of Franklin, N. H., recently won the state championship in the hill-climbing contest for motorcycles.

ALFRED J. DYER (Mess Sgt., D Co.) is one of the successful poultry raisers "Way down in Maine." Alfred took the vocational training for the work and now runs the "Red Bird Chicken Farm" at Norway, Maine.

HARRY MCKENNY (Stable Sgt., M. G. Co.) is still following the horses. Harry has been acting as starter in all the important horse races in Maine this fall.

—E. K. H. (M)

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown recently bought a cottage from a real estate agent with a tile roof."

PORTLAND PARAGRAPHS

GEORGE MORRELL (M) and Mrs. Morrell, BERT WORTHEN (M) and Mrs. Worthen, and Dr. and Mrs. C. EUGENE FOGG (AM) of Portland, and PHIL SANBORN (M) of Boston spent a few days in the latter part of October at Pleasant Lake, Caratunk, Maine.

Up to the time your correspondent came out (the Morrells and Worthens were staying a few days longer) the only live deer seen were behind a chicken wire fence at a roadside stand half way between Caratunk and the Canadian border. Plenty of tracks —they even came down into the back yard to root for potatoes—but they kept discreetly out of sight during hunting hours.

Nevertheless everyone had a bang-up time, plenty of fresh air, exercise, magnificent scenery, good food, good rest and congenial company. For a real vacation it's hard to beat a fall trip back into the woods.

The old saying is that too many cooks spoil the broth. Well, we had four counting George, all of them first class, and no broth (or anything else) got a chance to spoil. The order of the day seemed to be: outdoor business of getting up an appetite and indoor business of eating. Recreation consisted of keeping the two wood stoves stoked up, playing blackjack, swapping army yarns and forgetting the outside world. After all, so far as your correspondent was concerned, the trip was a vacation, not a quest for copy for YANKEE DOINGS, so details will be omitted.

PERC WITHAM (M) and Mrs. Witham spent a few days in Boston recently, calling on General EDWARDS (LM) at his home during their stay. They report the usual cordial reception which the General always extends to one of the boys.

GOTHAM GOSSIP

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Maybe you'll get a bit of news out of the following which is very authentic and might be interesting to one OSSIE WILLIAMS (M) Ex-Lieut. of the 101st F. A. and also of Base Section No. 4, Le Havre, France.

The news is as follows: WILLIAM FOWLER (101st F. A.) is a police lieutenant at the Seamen's Church Institute, 25 South Street, New York City. Also the writer of this letter (you know me) is working for Mr. Fowler as a special cop and enjoying the work immensely.

BART W. KILEY is still in his exalted position at the U. S. V. B. at 225 West 34th Street, and from all accounts he is going to be on the job as long as there is a Veterans' Bureau in operation.

There are a good many more of the old Contingent around the City, but the majority of them are hard to locate.

"BUNK" RUSSELL is somewhere around town but has not been seen since a few months ago.

That dude with the cat-hair mustache, DOUGLAS, who used to hang around the Club, is around also, I surmise, as I heard he was married to some skinny female.

Well, guess this is all for now and will try and dig up some more dirt soon.

Regards to all the mob from

"Your New York Correspondent."

Well, here we are again! The History Committee of the regiment is still waiting patiently for the companies to send in their bit telling why their particular unit was better than the rest of the regiment.

Isn't there just one veteran in your outfit interested enough to be responsible that your company is given its proper place in your history? We have been on the job for a year and have collected a great deal of material, but we have had very little co-operation from the men who made it possible to have a good history. The type and size of it depends on what you are willing to give us to put in it.

A number have promised to send in material, but to date we have received very little from the different units.

We have on file right now, a synopsis of the regimental history as seen from Regimental Headquarters. About one hundred official pictures of the regiment in action. We know there are a good many hundred more taken. Label them and send them in before you forget it.

We have a number of valuable maps; one complete company history and a number of installments of other companies. C Company has come through strong. L Company has done well, in fact the third battalion is pretty well set to go right now. The Band has promised a lot of noise and as JAILET said, "Perhaps a little bull thrown in with it." CHARLIE DODGE is going to write up the Medical Detachment and you can bet it will be good. TOM SHEA will tell us how the regimental athletes won the big silver cup, also his experience as a prisoner of war.

Now, how about the rest of you gladiators?

It is long overdue. Send it to GEORGE A. ROBERTS (M), Municipal Building, Springfield, Mass.

—G. A. R. (M)

TAPS

LOUIS E. CHRISTIANSEN (C Batt., 103rd F. A.) was buried on October 27, 1928, from his home in Providence, 57 Plymouth Street.

JOHN KERWIN (A Co, 101st Inf.) passed away on October 9, 1928, at the Chelsea Naval Hospital; his home was at 189 Oakland Street, Mattapan, Mass.

We regret to report the death, on October 12, 1928, of Mrs. Mooney, wife of MICHAEL J. MOONEY (I Co. 101st Inf.) at Detroit, Mich. Burial was from her former home at Danielson, Conn.

KENmore 4104 SEA FOOD
MASON'S GRILL
336 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
(*between Huntington and St. Botolph*)
Delicious Food Served at All Hours
STEAKS AND CHOPS *Extraordinary* SANDWICHES *Hot and Cold*

Compliments of
J. C. FRASER & SONS CO.
Builders

J. B. HUNTER COMPANY
Hardware
60 SUMMER STREET
BOSTON

MOBY DICK SEA GRILL
The Place for Sea Food
282 HUNTINGTON AVENUE
BOSTON

102ND M.G. BATTALION

A COMPANY

If we wrote as we thought:

At it again. The First comes before I've recovered from the shock of reading my own stuff for the previous issue in print. What and how to write—the phone rings, the Boss buzzes, somebody comes in—and I thought it was a tough war when trying to write home.

What have we for subjects? Well, STEWART B. JOHNSTON (M) is in town permanently and indefinitely, for the New York Life. It's a fine promotion, he deserves it. Has quartered himself in Newtonville, why not? George and Pop live in Newton. Glad to have Stew near. All of us.

Someone gave me a card, but it doesn't make any difference who gave it to me. Forgotten who. It reads, "E. D. HAMILTON, Representative. Lazell, Perfumer, Newburgh-on-Hudson, N. Y." Heard "DERE" lived in Belmont. Wonder whereabouts, no one seems to know. Last I knew he was selling Real Estate in Florida, then Worcester. Haven't seen his father for years; he too served in Company A. Quite unusual for father and son to serve in same outfit. But why not?

"Wednesday at noon," now going over three years. Never less than two A men have shown up. Quite a record. Worthwhile discussions even if politics do seem to predominate now. Soon someone will say "I told you so" and we'll discuss something else. Always some subject is mentioned which reminds us of some incident while in the old outfit. Mostly the same old crowd regularly present—GEORGE, POP, BUCK, NICK, —busy men all, but they realize the value of good fellowship and interchange of ideas. Sorry JOHN SANBORN (M) can't come regularly for he would if he possibly could. Attendance is a habit, a damn good one. Glad I've got the habit of being there.

That history of ours takes an unguessable amount of time. HARRY RODD (M) knows too. Can't wait to have a copy to pore over occasionally when in the mood. Wasn't such a bad war to recall at that. The boys all say so, but why don't they act? In a couple of weeks thy'll be outer luck. We tried to make them realize.

—And so on ramble our thoughts.

—A. C. H. (M)

CONGRATULATIONS

A son, weighing 8½ pounds, was born on October 29 to Mr. and Mrs. ROBERT LAWRENCE (M). Bob was in C Company, 101st Engineers.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. THOMAS MARLEY (M), on September 4, twin girls. Tom was in H Co., 104th Infantry. That makes two boys and two girls.

GEORGE ELLIOTT STICKNEY (M) (B Co., 101st Amm. Tr.) was married on September 15, to Miss

Miriam L. Scott at Leicester, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Stickney will live on Central Street, Auburndale.

Wendell Brooks arrived on September 21 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. PHILLIPS B. WOOD. Phil was a cook in C Co., 104th Inf.

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

The September and the October meetings were fairly well attended but there ought to be more fellows turn out. The next meeting (too late for this issue) is sure to be a hum-dinger for we are to meet at the Commonwealth Armory in conjunction with the 26th Signal Company. Things are getting under way for our Christmas party and we are depending on everyone to help make the one this year even better than the last one.

We have only recently learned of the death, last July, of the father of RAY CORLISS (M) to whom we extend our sympathy.

THEODORE JACKSON (A Co.) is very ill at the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Rutland, Mass.

On September 23, 1928, ARTHUR DONAHUE of Allston and Miss Anne Cannon of Brighton were united in marriage. They are living at 8 So. Hobart Street, Brighton.

"TIM" MULCAHY is connected with the Mass. Bonding and Insurance Co., 20 Kilby Street, Boston.

In September ROY KNOX (M) and his better 'alf visited Mr. and Mrs. J. LEWIS COURTER (M) at their home in Brookline, Pa. A little later GEORGE HUDSON (M) called there at the time when Mrs. "JIMMIE" JAMESON was visiting them.

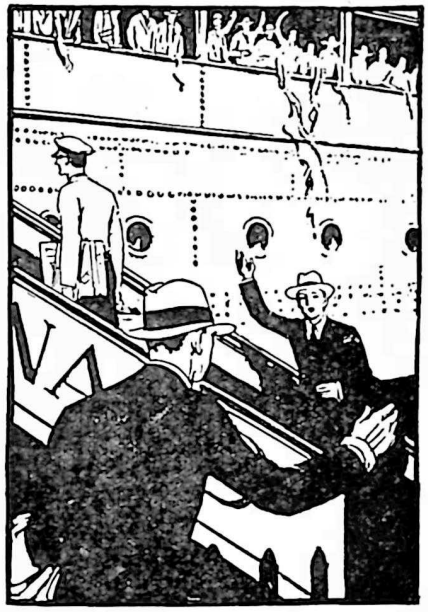
—G. W. T. (M)

THE BEACHES OF BRITTANY

Roaring seas crashing on red and grey granite rocks, fine blue nets hanging about fishermen's homes, cottages yellow and white, sails of fishing smacks of so many colors that the ocean looks as though it is flagged for a fete and above and around all, rich golden sands for play, divided at different places by silver rivers coming down to meet the blue sea—that is what Brittany beaches are to me. It seems almost superfluous to mention even the best, they are so many. From Dinard to St. Brieuc we find St. Lunaire, Penguen, Saint Cast and Sables-d'Or-les-Pins, where the cliff-protected sands are a joy to see. At Treboul-Finistere I have found a climate seldom equalled elsewhere in Europe, for it is the first land to receive the Gulf Stream from far-away Florida, while at Ile-de-Re—if you want quietness, quaintness and queenly quality—you will find pine forests combining with the ocean to rest your nerves while you enjoy the Casino, the oyster parks and the vineyards. It is about four miles off the coast at La Rochelle.

Skippy—I saw a man swallow a sword.

Dippy—That's nothing; I saw a man inhale a Camel.



Are YOU Going?

BELLEAU . . . TORCY . . . what memories they recall . . . what a thrill to visit these historic spots with your old buddies again! Join the

Yankee Division Veterans' Association Pilgrimage to France

Sailing on the

TUSCANIA

May 15th, 1929

to attend the dedication of the Memorial Chapel at Belleau, May 30, 1929 (Memorial Day).

A big time ahead . . . a wonderful trip on a magnificent ship . . . trips through France arranged by the Franco-Belgique Tours.

For detailed information, Consult

Y. D. Pilgrimage Committee or

CUNARD LINE

33 State Street Boston, Mass.

HOTEL MINERVA

MODERN — HOMELIKE — COMFORTABLE
CONVENIENT

Every Room with Bath and Telephone

Rates: 1 Person $2.50 to $3.50
2 Persons $4.00 to $5.00

CAFE MINERVA AND CAFETERIA
Under same Management
HARRY C. DEMETER

214 HUNTINGTON AVENUE
Opposite Christian Science Church
KENMORE 7615

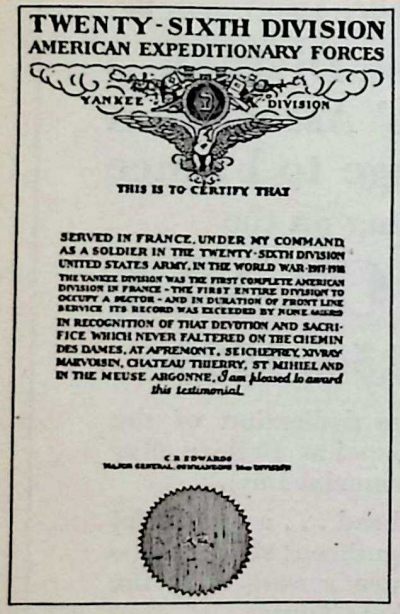
Johnston & Murphy Shoes

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY TRADE MARK SHOE

SOLD BY

J. L. Esart Co.

46 BOYLSTON STREET
58 SCHOOL STREET
10 FEDERAL STREET



Tear out and mail to Secretary, Y.D.V.A., 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston.

"EDWARDS CERTIFICATE"

Enclosed please find $2.00 for one "EDWARDS CERTIFICATE"

Name: .....
Please Print

Address: .....

.....

Buy Your CHRISTMAS CARDS

from the

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

The Best Value in the City

Tell your friends about it

Y.D.V.A. SALES DEPARTMENT
200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE
BOSTON